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BLACK DIAMOND
WESTERN



FDC

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

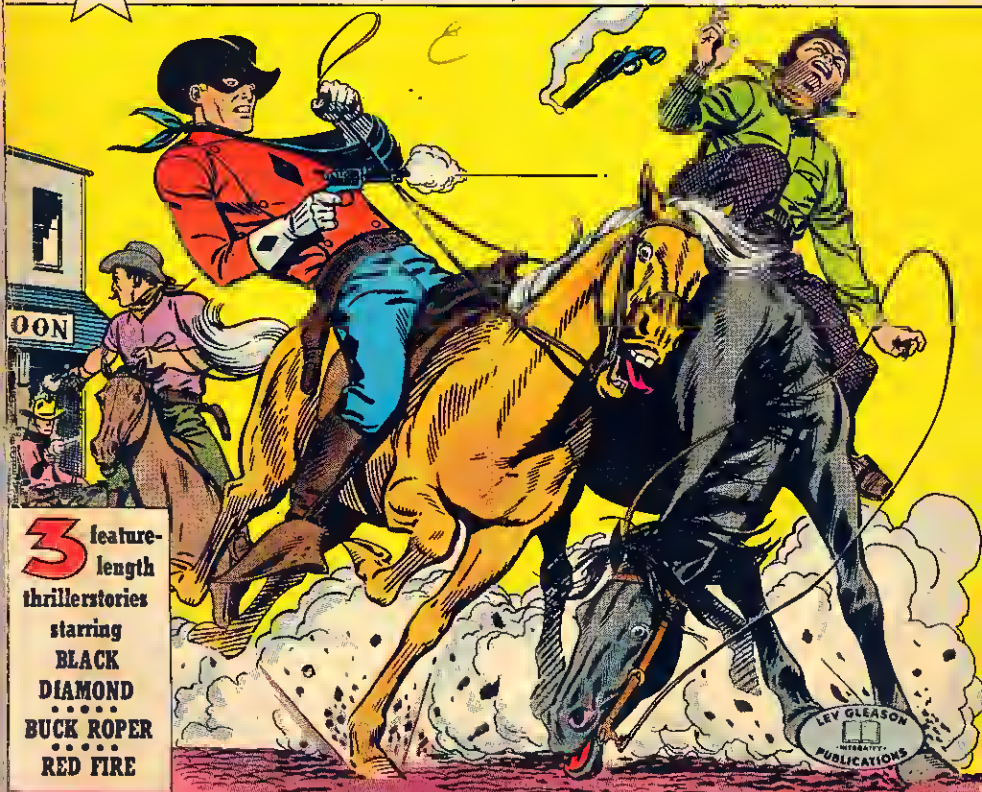


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3 feature-length
thriller stories
starring
**BLACK
DIAMOND**
.....
BUCK ROPER
.....
RED FIRE

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PUBLICATIONS



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BLACK DIAMOND

WHEN FATE DECREES THAT A MAN'S NUMBER IS UP, NO MAN, NOT EVEN THE BLACK DIAMOND, CAN OPPOSE THE WILL OF BLACK-SHROUDED DESTINY! FATE DESTROYS WHOM IT PLEASES! NOR CAN ANY MAN GUESS, ON HIS WAY TO FAME AND FORTUNE THAT HE MIGHT BE ENROUTE TO A...

* RENDEZVOUS
WITH DEATH *

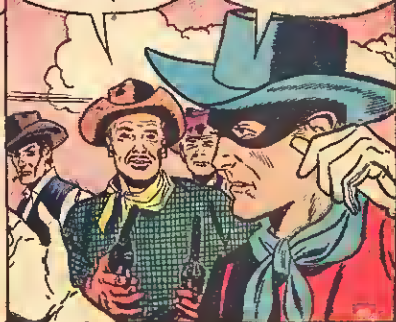
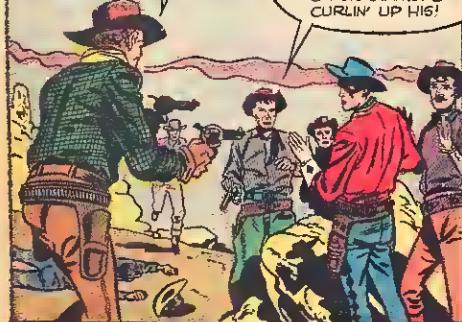


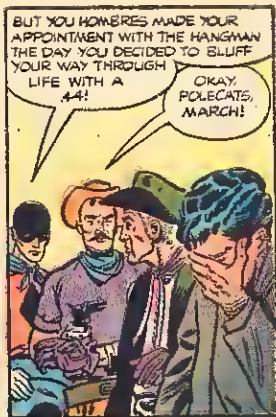
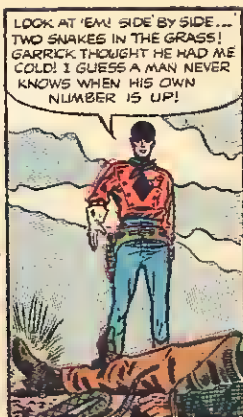
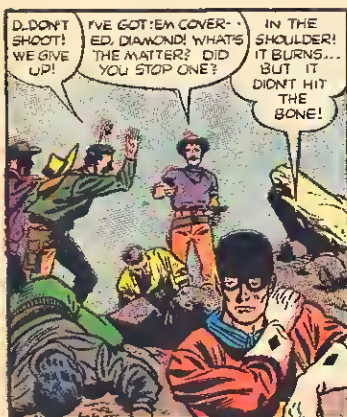
IT WAS A LUCKY THING I HAPPENED TO RIDE BY, EH, BOYS? IF I'D OF HAD TWO MORE DRINKS AT THE ELDORADO, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE GOT HERE IN TIME!

BUT YUH ARE HERE, JAKE... AN' THEY'S WHAT COUNTS! IT'S TH' DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US CURLIN' UP OUR TOES AN' THE BLACK DIAMOND CURLIN' UP HIS!

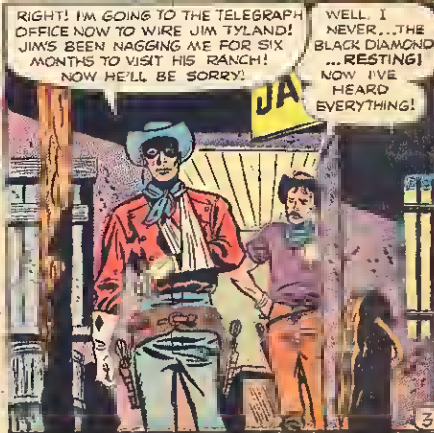
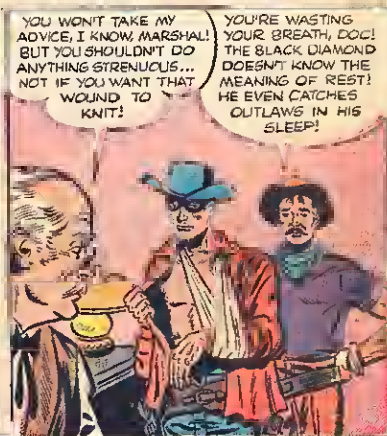
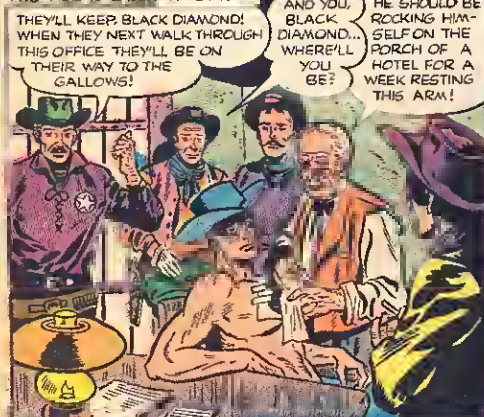
THOUGHT YUH HAD US, EH, MARSHAL? THOUGHT WE'D BE DANCIN' AT THE END OF A ROPE NEXT WEEK, EH? LADY LUCK KINDA DISAGREED WITH YUH!

THE LAW DISAGREES WITH YOU, GARRICK! NO AMOUNT OF LUCK WILL SAVE YOUR NECK! IF I DON'T GET YOU, SOME OTHER MARSHAL WILL!





TWO HOURS LATER IN TOWN...



BUT THAT SAME NIGHT, HAVING SENT THE WIRE, THE BLACK DIAMOND RIDES SLOWLY AND CALMLY TO LEADVILLE...



JIM'S A WONDERFUL PERSON...WHEN HE DOESN'T HIT THE BOTTLE! THERE'S A WILD, RECKLESS STREAK IN JIM HE OUGHT TO CONTROL!

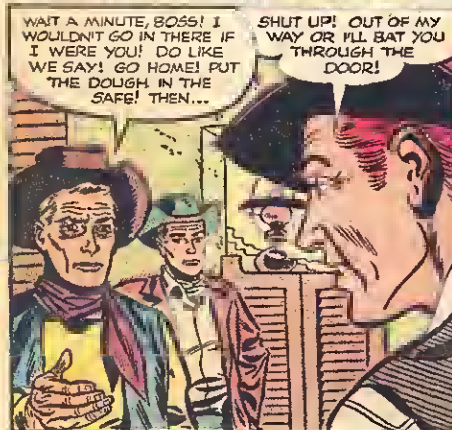
HE WON'T, DIAMOND...ANY MORE THAN JIM CAN STOP CHASING SKIRTS! JIMS GOT TWO WEAKNESSES...DRINK AND WOMEN! THEY'RE MENS WEAKNESS BUT THEY SPELL TROUBLE!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN LEADVILLE, AS JIM TYLAND ARRIVES IN TOWN...



LOOK, BOSS, SKIP THE DRINK THIS TIME! YOU HAD A BIG DAY! YOU UNLOADED YOUR EAST STRIP MINING PROPERTY! YOU'RE CARRYING A VALISE-FULL OF MONEY! BETTER GO HOME!

DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO, YOU BOW-LEGGED WET NURSE! OUT OF MY WAY!



WAIT A MINUTE, BOSS! I WOULDN'T GO IN THERE IF I WERE YOU! DO LIKE WE SAY! GO HOME! PUT THE DOUGH IN THE SAFE! THEN...

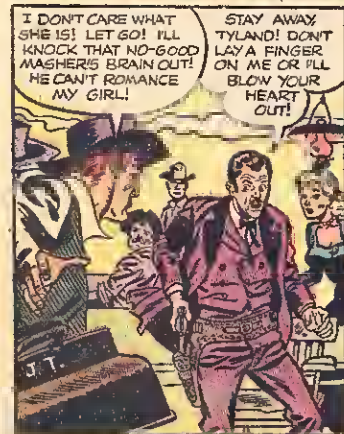
SHUT UP! OUT OF MY WAY OR I'LL BAT YOU THROUGH THE DOOR!



OHO! NOW I SEE WHY YOU DIDN'T WANT ME TO COME HERE!

BOSS, DON'T GO CRAZY NOW! RITA'S JUST ANOTHER DAME...

GULP! B.B. BETTER GO, AMIGOS!



I DON'T CARE WHAT SHE IS! LET GO! I'LL KNOCK THAT NO-GOOD MASHERS BRAIN OUT! HE CAN'T ROMANCE MY GIRL!

STAY AWAY, TYLAND! DON'T LAY A FINGER ON ME OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEART OUT!



B.B. BOSS, YOU'RE DRUNK! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'! GO HOME WITH THE DOUGH... PLEASE!

YOUR GUN DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME, TINHORN! I'M COMIN' FOR YOU!



I KNOW YOUR KIND, TINHORN! FULL OF BLUFF! YOU WON'T PULL THAT TRIGG...

I...I... WARNED YOU... GASPS

BANG!



"GASP! I DIDN'T THINK HE'D PULL IT! GASP! I... DIDN'T... OHHHHH!"

HE'S DEAD! GRAB THAT SLIMEY ACE- PALMIN' POLECAT!



YOU MURDERIN' RAT! YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS!

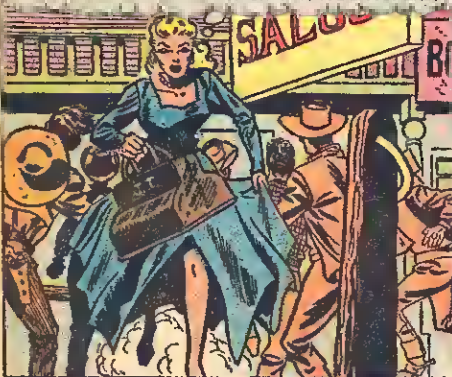
"GASP! HE MADE ME DO IT! HE WAS COMIN' FOR ME! YOU MEN ALL SAW IT!"

HE'S DEAD! THERE'LL BE A TRIAL! I'LL BE INVOLVED! GULP! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



WAIT! I HAVEN'T GOT A CENT! NOT EVEN TO PAY FOR THE STAGE! THAT VALISE! THEY SAID JIM HAD MONEY ON HIM! I REMEMBER JIM TELLING ME HE WAS SELLING THE MINE PROPERTY!

NOBODY SAW ME! BY THE TIME JIM'S HANDS REMEMBER THE VALISE I'LL BE ON THE STAGE TO GARRISON CITY, FOR THE FIRST TIME WITH MORE MONEY THAN I CAN SPEND!



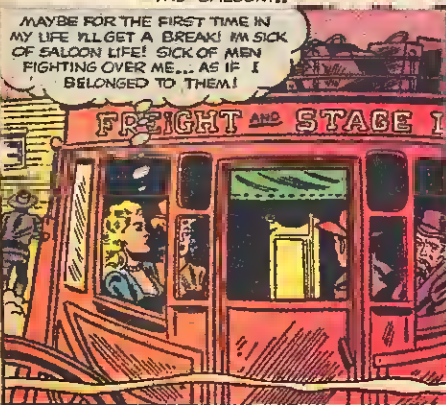
TEN MINUTES LATER, AS THE SHERIFF TAKES THE KILLER INTO CUSTODY...



WAIT A MINUTE, SHERIFF! THERE WAS A VALISE LOADED WITH CASH JIM GOT FOR SELLIN' THE EAST STRIP MINES...NOW IT'S GONE!

IT WAS STOLEN! SOMEBODY HERE TOOK IT!

JUST THEN THE STAGE FOR GARRISON CITY PASSES THE SALOON!..

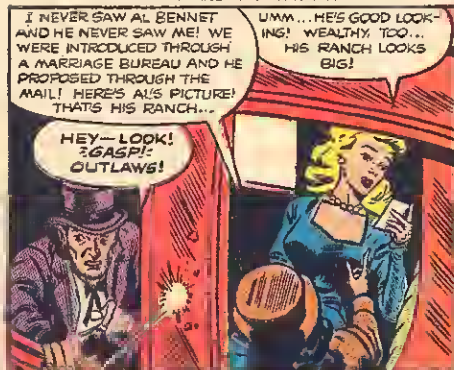


MAYBE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I'LL GET A BREAK! I'M SICK OF SALOON LIFE! SICK OF MEN FIGHTING OVER ME... AS IF I BELONGED TO THEM!



MY LUCK'S ALWAYS BEEN BAD! BUT NOW I'VE GOT MONEY! I CAN GET THE POSITION IN LIFE I'VE ALWAYS WANTED... I'M SORRY FOR JIM... BUT HE'S DEAD! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF MYSELF! THEY'LL SAY I CAUSED THE QUARREL! BUT JUST LET THEM FIND ME NOW!

THE STAGE SETTLES DOWN FOR THE RUN TO GARRISON CITY!
THE PASSENGERS RELAX! THE GIRL NEAREST RITA TALKS
OF HER COMING MARRIAGE...



AS RITA LAROE RIDES ON, DETERMINED TO ASSUME THE IDENTITY OF A DEAD GIRL, A SORROWFUL SIGHT GREET'S BLACK DIAMOND IN LEADVILLE.



I KNEW JIM'D GET INTO SOME SCAPE WITH HIS DRINKING AND BAD TEMPER!

IT'S NOT ONLY THAT, BLACK DIAMOND! IT'S THIS GIRL, RITA LAROE! SHE MADE OFF WITH JIM'S MONEY!

SHE WON'T GET AWAY, SHERIFF! THEY NEVER DO! BAD ACTORS ALWAYS WIND UP BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL!

PARTICULARLY IF THE BLACK DIAMOND MAKES UP HIS MIND TO GEE THAT THEY DO!

SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE BLACK DIAMOND RIDES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SALOON...



HEY, DIAMOND, LOOK AT THAT VALISE THAT HOMBRE'S CARRYING! IT'S GOT THE INITIALS 'J.T.' ON IT!

SAY... YOU! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT VALISE?

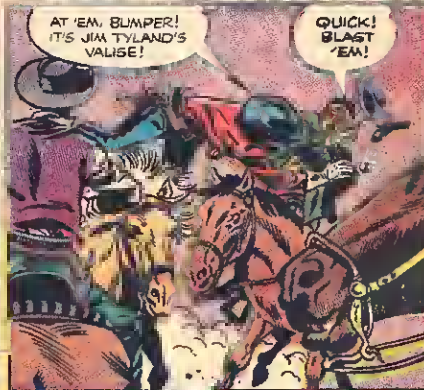
WHAT'S IT YOUR BUSINESS?



IT'S THIS STAR'S BUSINESS! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT VALISE? WHAT'S INSIDE?

LOOK, YOU! WE'RE EXPLAININ' NOTHING! YOU LET US ALONE OR YOU'LL BE THE DEADDEST TIN-STAR THIS SIDE OF ST. LOUIS!

INSTEAD OF ANSWERING, BLACK DIAMOND PRESSES HIS SPURS INTO RELIAPON'S SIDE AND WHISPERS A COMMAND...



AT 'EM, BUMPER! IT'S JIM TYLAND'S VALISE!

QUICK! BLAST 'EM!



BLACK DIAMOND! THE ONE WITH THE VALISE IS GETTING AWAY!



HE WON'T GET FAR!

SHORTLY AFTER, WHEN THE VALISE IS OPENED...

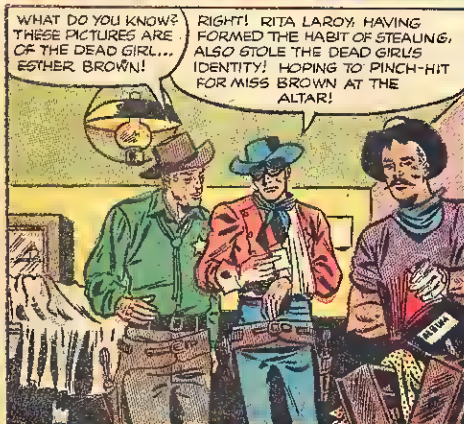


IT'S JIM'S MONEY, ALL RIGHT! COME CLEAN! WHERE'D YOU GET IT?

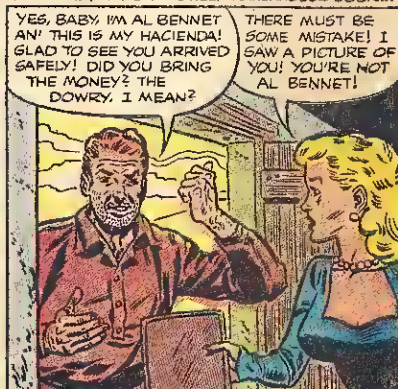
OFF A STAGECOACH WE STUCK UP A COUPLE OF HOURS' BACK! THEY TOSSED THE VALISE OFF TO PICK UP SPEED! WE FOUND THE DOUGH! THAT'S ALL WE KNOW!

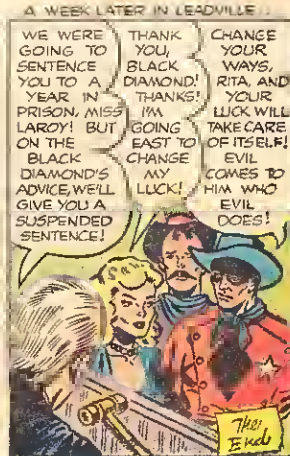
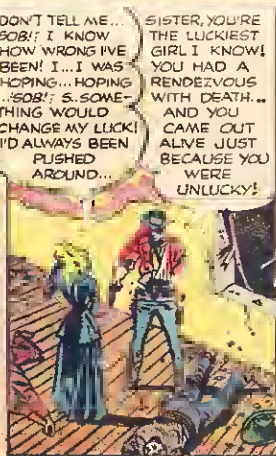
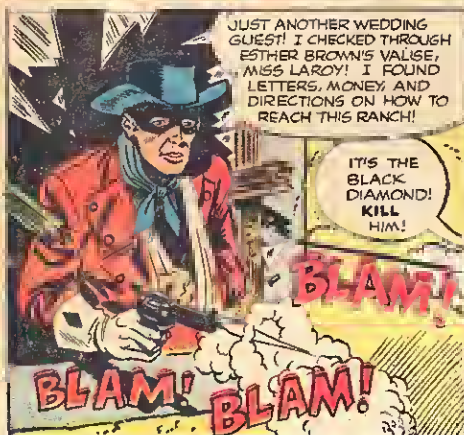
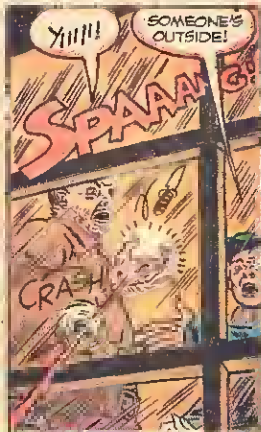
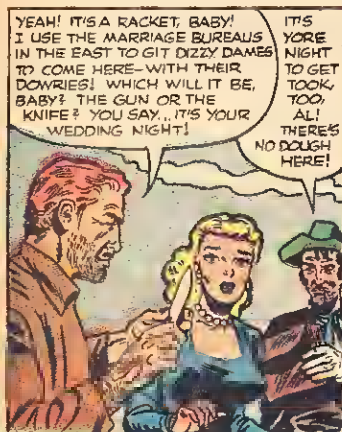


BUT IN THE SHERIFFS OFFICE IN GARRISON CITY, WHERE THE VICTIMS OF THE STAGE SICK-UP ARE LAID OUT...



MEANWHILE, JUST OUT OF TOWN, AS A HOPEFUL RITA LAROX TAPS A LONELY RANCHHOUSE DOOR...





BUCK ROPER *in*

"GAMBLER'S CHANCE"







NO! MY BACK WAS TO THEM AND I WAS AFRAID TO LET THEM SEE I WAS LISTENING! THEY LEFT BEFORE I COULD GET A LOOK AT THEM!

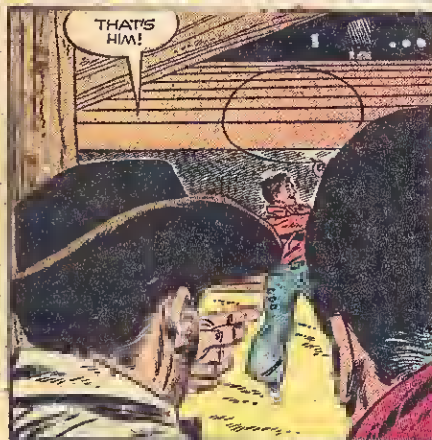
I BETTER GO TELL THE SHERIFF!



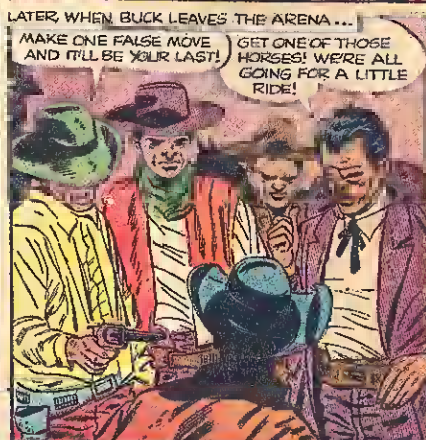
BUT AS CHUCK LEAVES THE ARENA...

HEY, YOU! IS YOUR NAME CHUCK BRATTEN?

THESE MUST BE THE GAMBLERS! BUT THEY DON'T RECOGNIZE ME! G...! NOW I CAN GET EVEN WITH BUCK ROOPER!



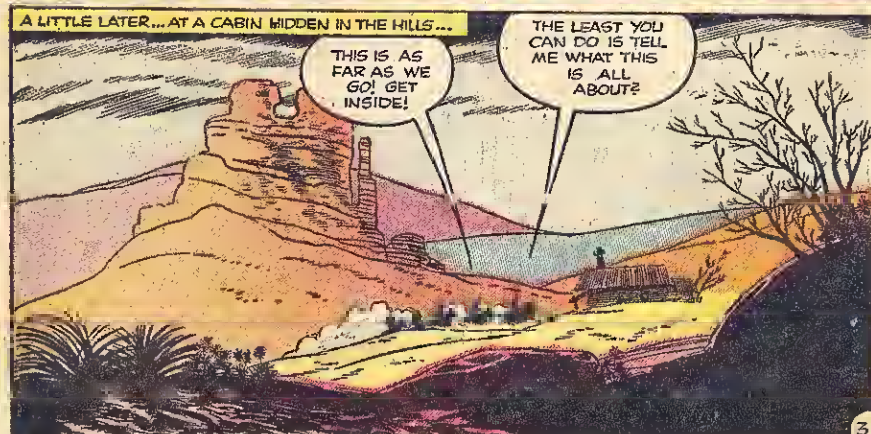
THAT'S HIM!



LATER, WHEN BUCK LEAVES THE ARENA...

MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE AND IT'LL BE YOUR LAST!

GET ONE OF THOSE HORSES! WE'RE ALL GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE!



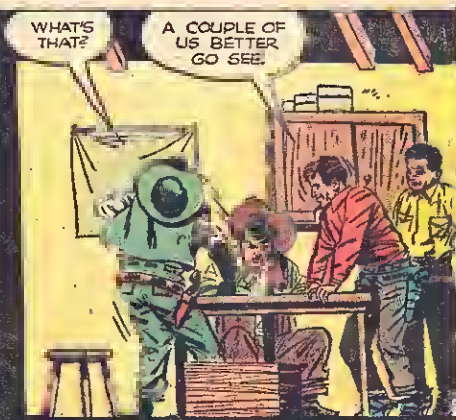
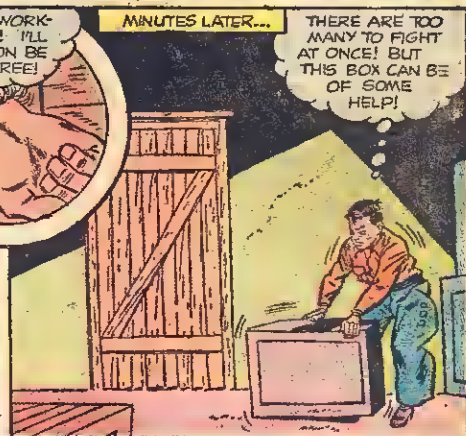
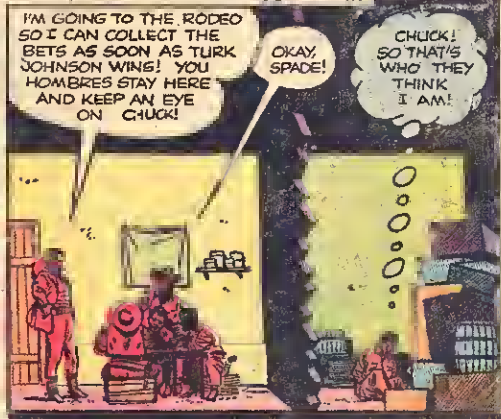
A LITTLE LATER... AT A CABIN HIDDEN IN THE HILLS...

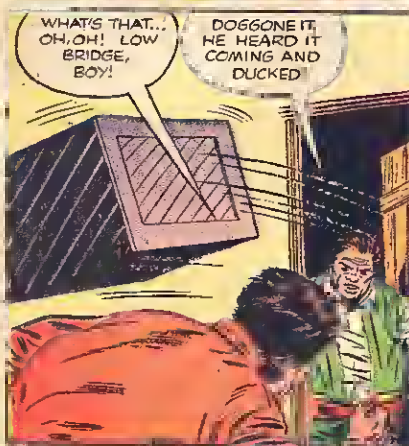
THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO! GET INSIDE!

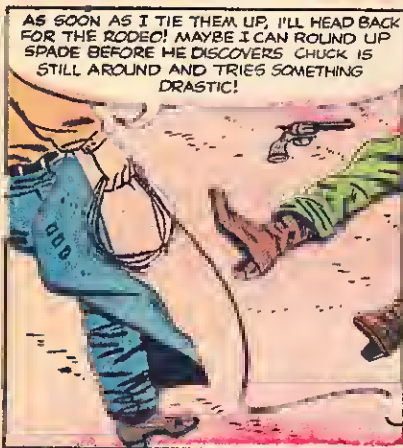
THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

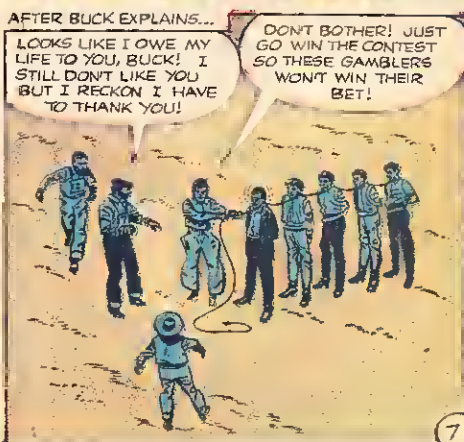
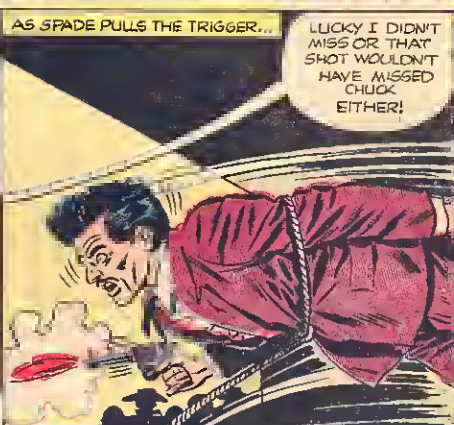
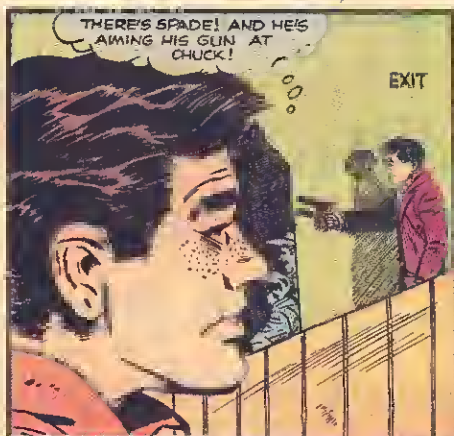
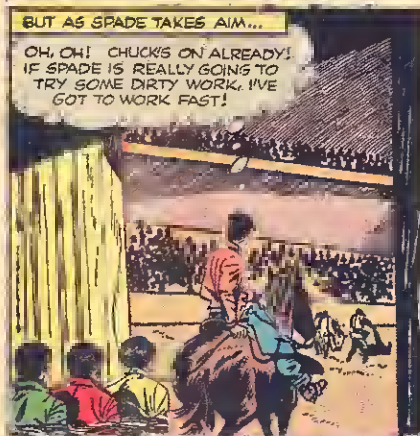


WHEN BUCK REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

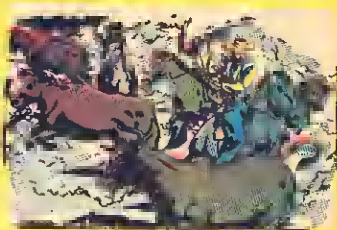








RUSTLER'S PROOF



"All right, Mr. College Education," Haskell Strully sneered at his son. "Four years in college, so what did they teach you about catching cattle rustlers?"

"What makes you think you're losing cattle, Dad?" Jeff crossed his legs and put a ready-made cigarette between his lips.

"Holy Heaven!" gasped his father. "I put ten thousand cattle out to graze and bring back five, and my own flesh and blood asks me what makes me think I'm losing cattle! Look, son, if the roof falls in on you, and the stars become your ceiling, would you ask me what made me think I only had four walls standing? Simple arithmetic, son. SIMPLE ARITHMETIC!"

"Who do you think got 'em?"

"That's better," Jeff's father smiled. "Now you wanna do some thinking. Strap your guns on, and I'll show you the varmint that's been rustlin' our cattle."

"Hold on there, Dad," Jeff laughed. "Let's think this through without guns. Who do you think took the cattle, why, and how can we prove it?"

"Look, son," Haskell stared at his son who was the apple of his eye, "I think that scurvy Ransom took our cattle. Why? Because since he's moved next door to us, he's been makin' money as fast as I'm losin' it. How? By taking my V-V brand and doctorin' it up to look like his X-X brand, he steals more cattle than he raises. What do I intend to do about it? I'm gonna get every red-blooded man on this ranch to go out with me and tell Ransom if he don't give me my cattle back, I'm gonna take 'em! Put on your guns, son!"

Haskell turned and walked to the door, and with his hand on the knob turned to see if his son was following. Jeff walked to the desk that held the guns, and asked, "Have you told the sheriff of your suspicions, Dad?"

"Yeah," snarled his father. "But what proof have I got? He told me get the proof and he'll help me. Hah! I got all the proof I need. I don't need no sheriff. You comin' son?"

"Do me a favor, Dad," Jeff asked. "Wait a month before you do anything."

"A month! You gone loco, son? What do you expect to gain in a month?"

"I expect to get the proof you need, Dad. Then we can move in and not only get your cattle back, but perhaps some of the money you've lost."

"And what do you intend to do that's gonna make this miracle?" sneered his father.

"I'm gonna write a letter," Jeff told him.

"Holy Heaven!" gasped his father. "The next time anybody tells me to send my boy to college, I'll shoot him! I'll shoot him in cold blood!"

"All right, son," Haskell marched impatiently back and forth. "It's exactly one month since you started writing letters and buying cattle. Now what do we do?" He waved a paper under Jeff's nose. "See this? A thousand more head missing since last night. As near as we can make out most of the new cattle is gone with this last haul. What do you intend to do about it?"

Jeff unwound his long legs from the chair he was on. He moved across the room and picked up his holster and strapped it around his waist. His father watched him eagerly.

"Good, Jeff. Now you're showin' some sense. Let's go get our cattle back!"

"No, Dad, not yet."

"W-what? Where you goin'?"

"Out to count the cattle on the north range!"

"Holy Heaven!" gasped Haskell. "So help me the next time anybody mentions a college to me, I'll shoot them. So help me, I'll shoot them in cold blood!"

The evening wind was beginning to blow the sand, and it bit gently into their cheeks.

"All right, son. You counted the cattle in the north range -- if you say so, I'll take your word for it, what are you going to do now?"

"I think we'll get the sheriff, Dad, and find out if your hunch is right." There was a frown on Jeff's face. "We'll see if Ransom's got them?"

"But proof, son. We got to have proof!"

"We'll have it, Dad. Get the sheriff. I'll meet you at Ransom's in a half hour."

"I'll get the sheriff," Haskell shouted as he galloped away, "but if you ain't got the proof, I'll tear your college diploma into so many pieces you'll swear it's snowing!"

Ransom greeted them at his door. The sheriff explained apologetically that Haskell thought that some of his cattle had strayed. . . .

"Strayed nothing," exploded Strully. "They were stolen, and this vornint's got 'em." Ransom smiled a slick smile, "You're welcome to go out and find the ones you think are yours, and we'll examine the brand. . . ."

"You sneakin' coyote!" Haskell shouted. "You know we can't tell my brand after your boys get through with 'em!"

"Just a minute, Dad, "Jeff laid a restraining hand upon his father's arm. "I think I can tell our cattle. Come along with me, sheriff."

Ransom's eyebrows moved up a little. "Just a minute. I'll go along with you!"

They rode to the top of a small ridge, and Jeff looked down at the numerous heads of cattle for a moment, and for a moment Ransom smiled.

Jeff wheeled his horse. "This way," he shouted. "I've located some of them!"

Jeff pointed at some of the cattle. "That's one of ours - that one - that one - this whole group!"

"Nonsense," Ransom exclaimed. "They all bear my brand, They're my cattle!"

"What makes you think they belong to your father, Jeff?" asked the sheriff.

"Their tails, sheriff," Jeff explained. "You see they're mutants. We raised them at college. Their tails are about a foot shorter than the other cattle. They're part of the experiments we ran in class. When Dad claimed he was suspicious about missing cattle I had some brought down from school, put them in our herds with our brand and waited to see what would happen. I think if you inspect Ransom's baaks you'll find he sold more cattle than he raised. We couldn't do that on mere suspicion before, but now with this evidence. . . ."

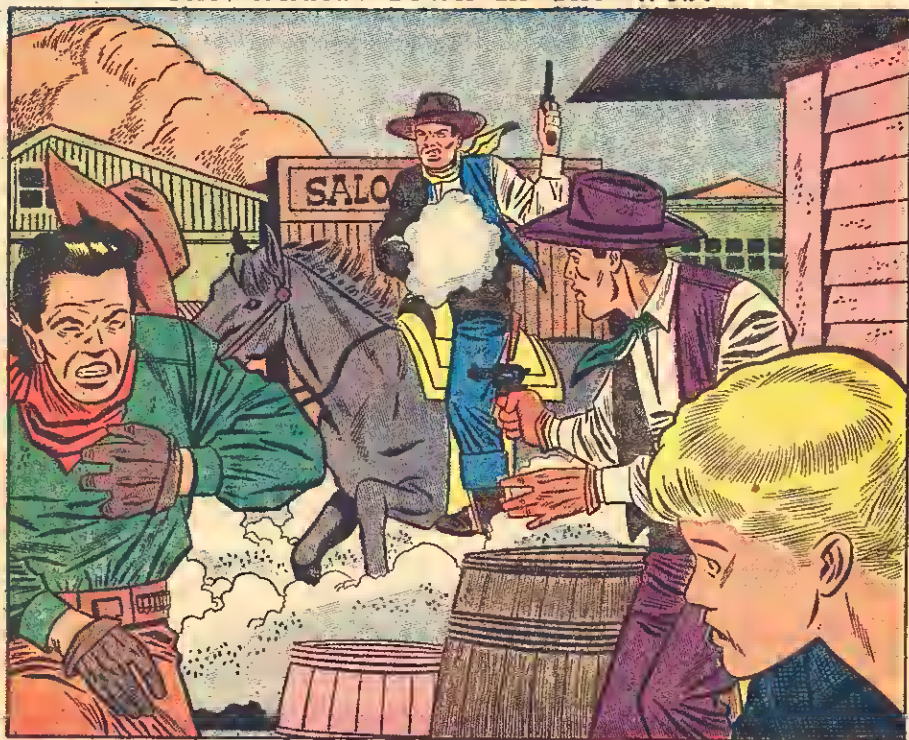
"You're right, Jeff," the sheriff told him. "I'll follow it through from here. Come along, Ransom. We got a lot of talkin' to do. "You know, Haskell," the sheriff said, "You got a mighty smart son here. . . ."

"I know that, sheriff. After all, didn't he go to college?"

THE END

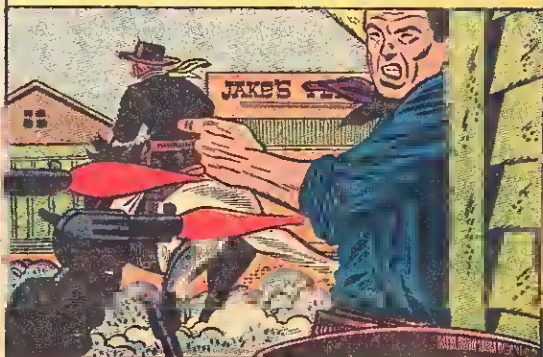
DODGE CITY

* The Wildest Town In The West *

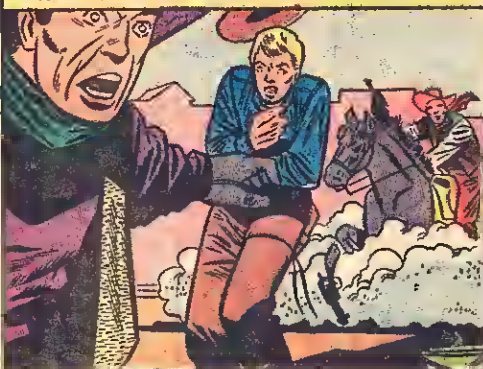


DODGE CITY IN WESTERN KANSAS WAS FOUNDED IN SEPTEMBER OF 1872 WITH THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD! IT WAS NAMED IN HONOR OF COLONEL RICHARD DODGE, ONE OF ITS FOUNDERS!

IMMEDIATELY THEREAFTER, DODGE CITY BECAME THE CENTER OF THE BUFFALO HIDE INDUSTRY, AND THE NORTHERN TERMINUS OF THE TEXAS CATTLE TRAIL! BUT THE TWO DIDN'T MIX, AND LESS THAN THREE YEARS AFTER ITS FOUNDING, DODGE CITY HAD THE REPUTATION FOR BEING, "THE WILDEST TOWN IN THE WEST"!



THE COWBOYS AND BUFFALO HUNTERS CARRIED ON THEIR FEUD TO SUCH AN EXTENT, THAT A BATTLE OF EXTERMINATION WAS BEING WAGED BETWEEN THE TWO!



ALARMED BY THIS, THE FORD COUNTY COMMISSIONERS CALLED A SPECIAL MEETING ...

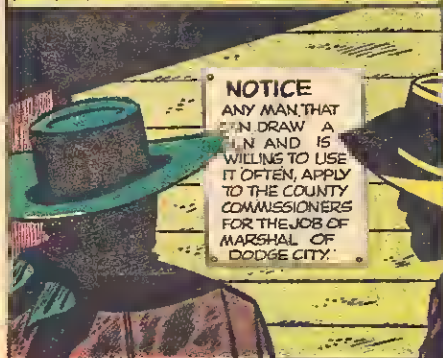
THIS SENSELESS KILLING'S GOT TO STOP, JED!

WHAT WE NEED IS LAW AND ORDER!

AGREED! THEY PUT ON A MARSHAL OVER IN ABILENE THAT WORKED OUT FINE! WE'LL DO THE SAME!



DESPERATE TIMES DESERVED DESPERATE MEASURES! THE BOARD HAD ONLY ONE RULE IN MIND WHEN THEY SELECTED THEIR MARSHAL! "IF HE CAN DRAW A GUN FASTER THEN ANYONE ELSE IN TOWN... HIRE HIM!"



DODGE CITY WENT THROUGH SCORES OF "BADMEN TURNED MARSHALS" BEFORE COMING UP WITH JACK BRIDGES THE "RIGHT" MAN FOR THE JOB!

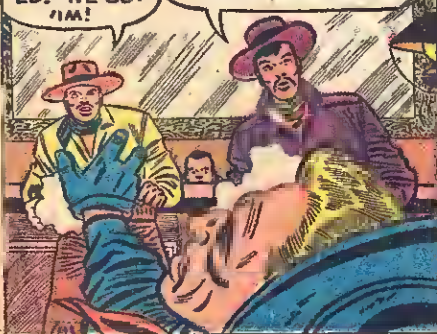
DROP IT, WADE! I'M ARRESTIN' YOU FOR THE MURDER OF LUKE COLIN! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR TRIAL IN THE MORNIN'!



BRIDGES, AN EX-SCOUT, RULED DODGE CITY WITH AN IRON HAND, BUT EVEN HIS KEEN SENSES AND FAST DRAW COULD NOT BREAK THE JINX OF DODGE CITY MARSHALS!

WE GOT 'IM, ED! WE GOT 'IM!

YEAH! IF ONE GUN CAN'T STOP 'IM, TWO CAN!



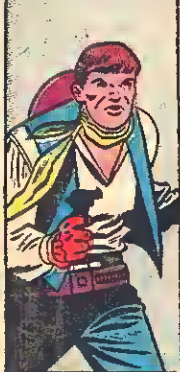
NEXT TO FOLLOW BRIDGES WAS BULLY BROOKS, A WANTON KILLER, WHO UNLIKE HIS PREDECESSOR LASHED OUT HIS GUN AT THE SLIGHTEST PROVOCATION...

I GAVE YOU FIVE MINUTES TO LEAVE TOWN, DAWSON! THAT WAS SIX MINUTES AGO!



BROOKS TOO, FADED FROM THE SCENE, SOON TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE GREATEST GUNSLINGERS IN THE WEST!

ED MASTERSON



BAT MASTERSON



WYATT EARP



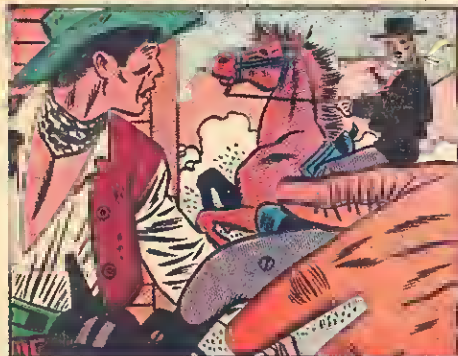
DAVE MATHERS



CHARLIE BASSETT



DODGE CITY BEGAN TO GROW, AND WITH ITS GROWTH CAME THE KILLERS, GAMBLERS, THIEVES AND RUSTLERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY! WHAT LAW HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED, WAS SOON WIPED AWAY WITH THE HUGE MIGRATION!

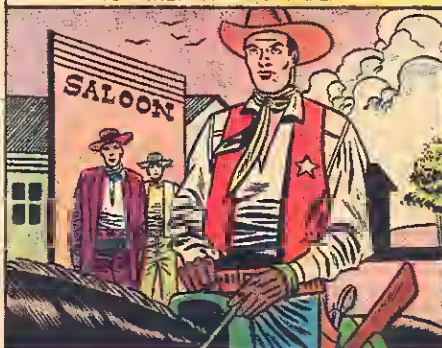


ALTHOUGH HE RULED WITH AN IRON HAND, IT WAS SAID OF TILGHMAN THAT HE NEVER FIRED AT A MAN IN MAKING AN ARREST, EXCEPT TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE! IN FACT, HE CAPTURED MORE THAN A SCORE OF DESPERATE OUTLAWS WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT!

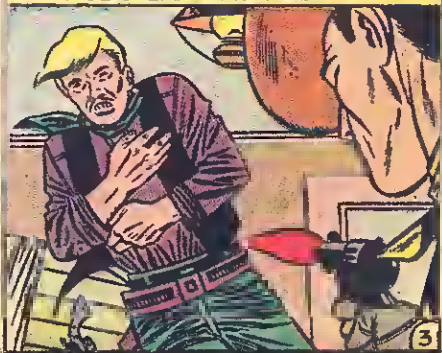


I'M TAKING YOU TO JAIL FOR MURDER, CARTER! DRAW THAT GUN AN' YOU'RE A DEAD MAN! THE CHOICE IS YOURS!

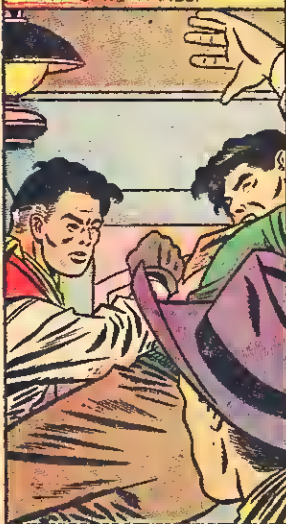
ONCE AGAIN THE FORD COUNTY COMMISSIONERS MET IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH PERMANENT LAW AND ORDER! THIS TIME THEY CHOSE WISELY FOR THEY SELECTED THE GREAT BILLY TILGHMAN FOR THEIR NEW MARSHAL!



TILGHMAN PERHAPS DID MORE FOR DODGE CITY THEN DID ANY OF THE LAWMEN BEFORE HIM! HE TRIED TO SETTLE EVERY ARGUMENT WITH WORDS RATHER THAN LEAD, BUT WHEN THE SITUATION DEMANDED, HE WAS GREASED LIGHTNING WITH HIS DRAW AND A "DEAD" SHOT WITH HIS GUN!



TILGHMAN HELD THE JOB OF MARSHAL FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS. AS HIS GUN HAND GREW SLOW, HE RELIED UPON HIS GREAT STRENGTH. MORE AND MORE. ON ONE OCCASION, HE CAPTURED BILL DOOLIN, A NOTORIOUS KILLER WITH HIS BARE HANDS.



"UNCLE" BILL TILGHMAN SUCCEEDED IN ESTABLISHING LAW AND ORDER IN DODGE CITY. BUT TIME TOOK ITS TOLL, AND HIS END CAME AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY, WHEN HE TRIED TO QUIET A DESPERADO IN AN OKLAHOMA SALOON.



TODAY, DODGE CITY IS A PEACEFUL, BEAUTIFUL COMMUNITY THAT BEARS NO RESEMBLANCE TO THE RUGGED, VIOLENT TOWN THAT WAS KNOWN AS THE WILDEST TOWN IN THE WEST!



CONTEST WINNERS!

PRIZE WINNERS IN THE PEDIGREED PUPPY CONTEST OF LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC.

A contest offer appeared in the August issue of the Lev Gleason Comics. There was one prize, a PEDIGREED PUPPY. Readers were asked to choose their three favorite comic characters appearing in Lev Gleason Comics AND - write the reason that they liked this character best in 25 words or less.

The prize winner was Bonnie Benore, Toledo, Ohio, who submitted the following letter:

"I like Slugger, Curly, and Scarecrow best because if you put them together they make an unbeatable team of kindness, thoughtfulness and generosity toward others, and a good example for others to follow."

Although only one prize was offered, another letter among the many thousands of letters received was so good that Mr. Gleason decided to award a \$10 prize to Paul Jasoo, New Bedford, Massachusetts. In addition 8 other letters were outstanding. To each of these Mr. Gleason has sent a consolation prize of \$1. Those who have received this consolation prize are as follows:

Paul Savage, Dickson City, Pa.
Richard J. Gualano, New Britain, Conn.
Teddy Camacho, Ysleta, Texas
Eleanor Van Koeveing, Newark, N. Y.

Jerry Stebbes Marks, Oxford, Ala.
Patricia Phillips, Waterbury, Conn.
Don Elliott, Colusa, Calif.
Richard Harlan, Glasgow, Ky.

Always look for interesting contests and other good things in LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS COMIC MAGAZINES.

THERE WERE TOO MANY KILLINGS ON THE STAGE RUN TO DEAD CREEK, AND WHEN THEY BLAMED THE INDIANS, RED FIRE THOUGHT IT WAS TIME TO TAKE A HAND.

RED FIRE in **AMBUSH** 99



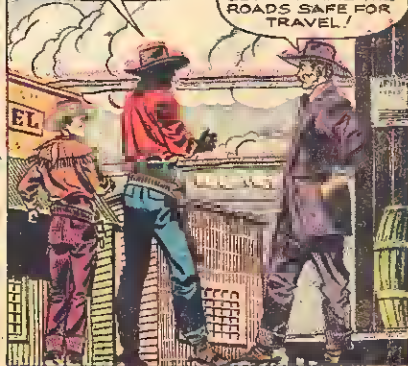
LATER AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE...

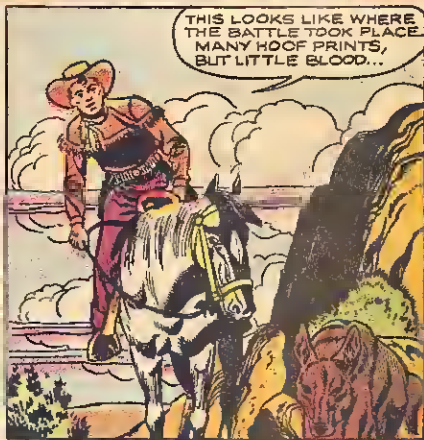
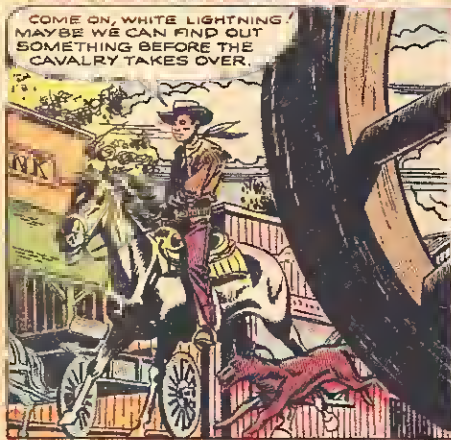
INDIANS AGAIN! THIS TIME THEY GOT JIM BRYAN! I GOT A BREAK, AND BROUGHT THE STAGE IN!

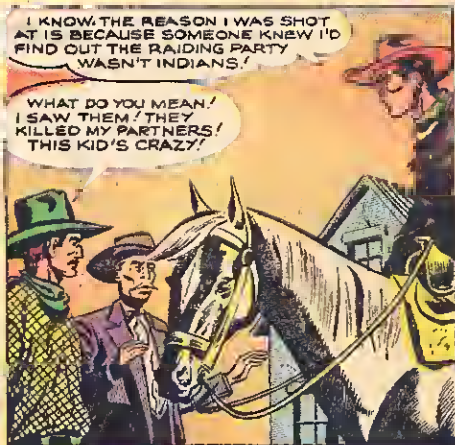
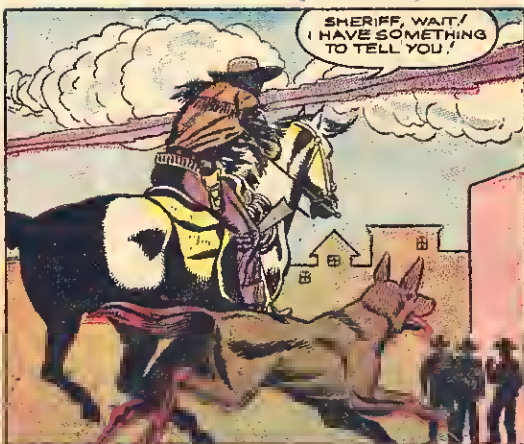
TOO BAD, ED! GET SOME REST, AND THEN WE'LL FILL OUT A REPORT!

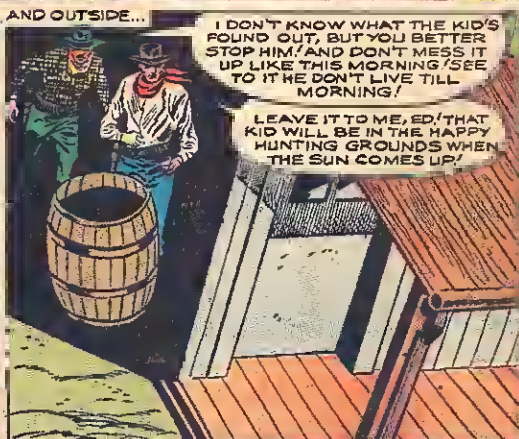
SAME STORY, SHERIFF! INDIANS AGAIN! THIS TIME THEY GOT JIM BRYAN!

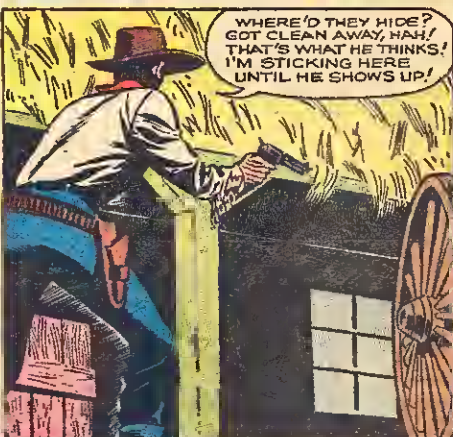
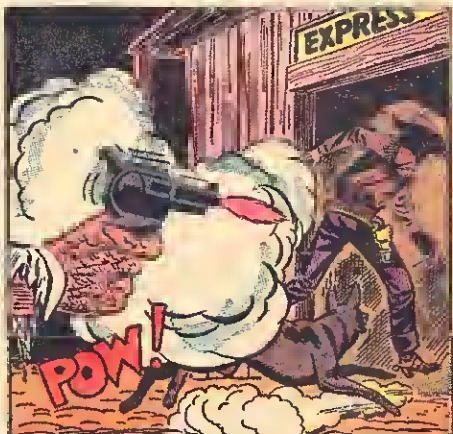
THAT DOES IT, BILL! I'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE CAVALRY! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THE ROADS SAFE FOR TRAVEL!





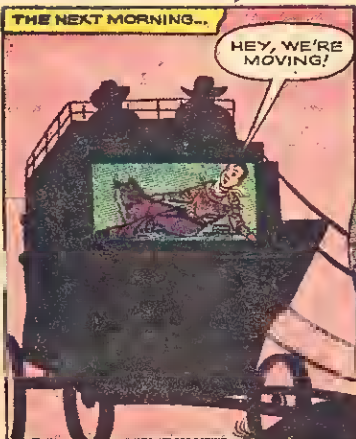






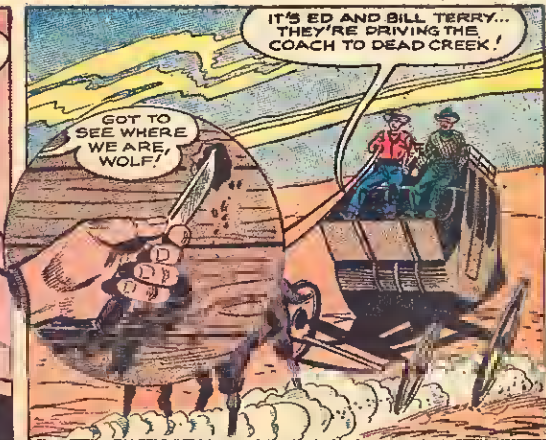
THE NEXT MORNING...

HEY, WE'RE
MOVING!



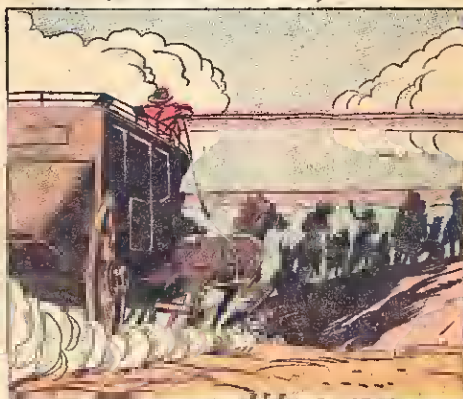
GOT TO
SEE WHERE
WE ARE,
WOLF!

IT'S ED AND BILL TERRY...
THEY'RE DRIVING THE
COACH TO DEAD CREEK!



THIS CHANGES OUR PLANS A BIT, EH
WOLF? BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN
DO NOW BUT WAIT!

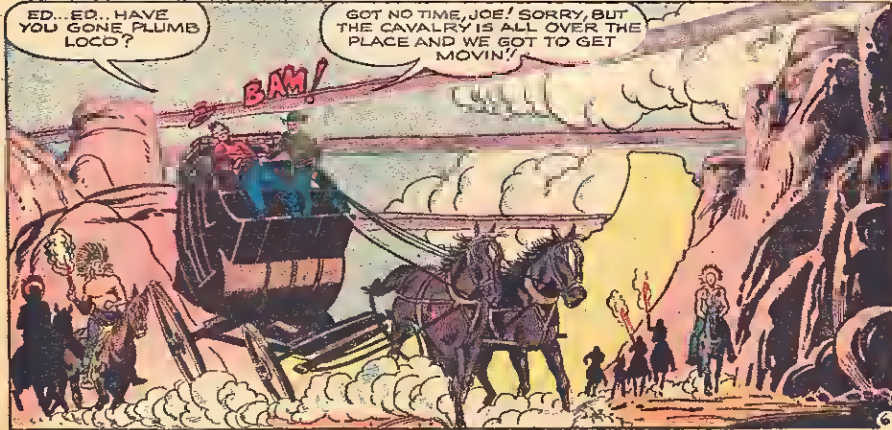
THE TRIP TO DEAD CREEK WAS CRAMPED, BUT
UNEVENTFUL UNTIL THEY HEARD THE TRIP
BACK SEEMED EQUALLY SO, UNTIL...

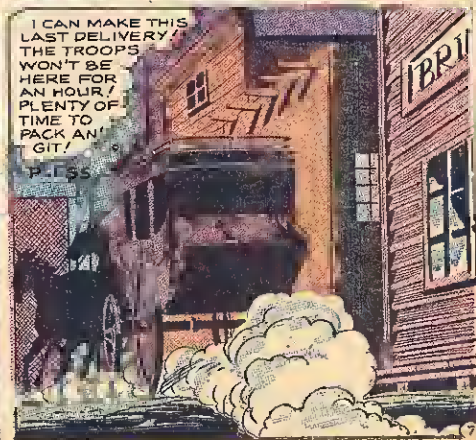
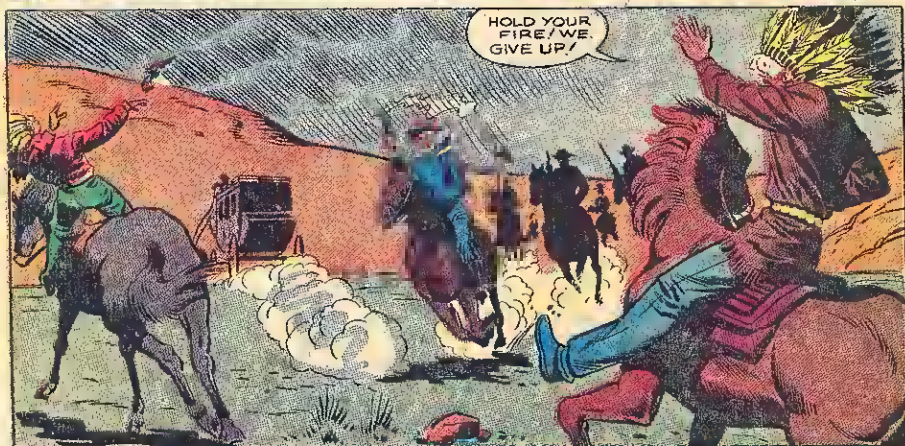
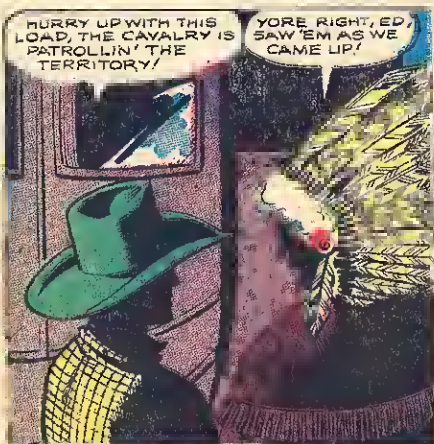


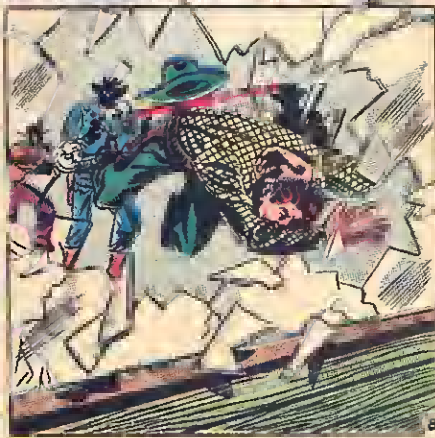
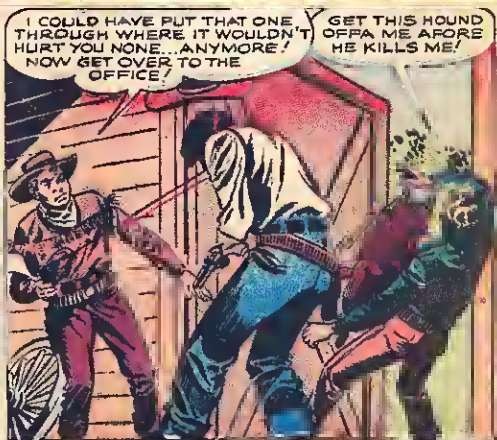
ED... ED... HAVE
YOU GONE PLUMB
LOCO?

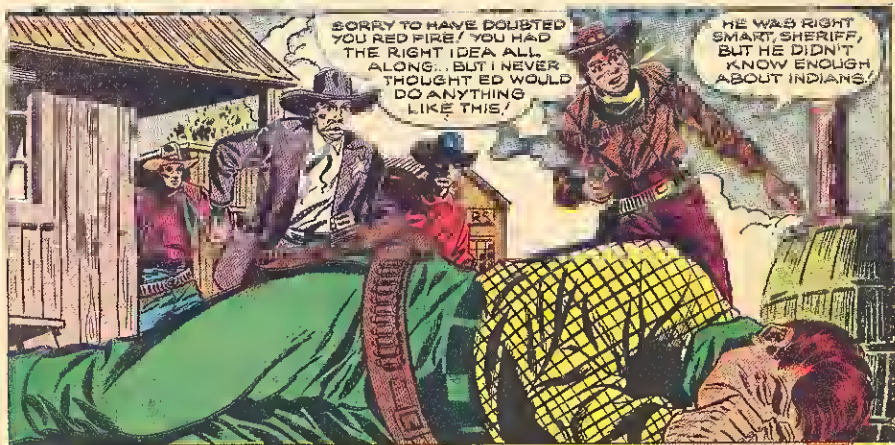
GOT NO TIME, JOE! SORRY, BUT
THE CAVALRY IS ALL OVER THE
PLACE AND WE GOT TO GET
MOVIN'!

BAM!









STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1953.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
 Publisher: Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., 114 E. 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y. Editor: Harold Scrabbing, 59 Driscoll Avenue, Rockville Centre, L. I. Managing Editor: None. Business Manager: Angela Berg, 117-11 Union Turnpike, Forest Hills, L. I.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was:

(This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly and triweekly newspapers only.)

ANGELA BERG, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1953.

(Seal)

(My commission expires March 30, 1955)

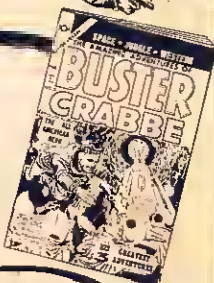
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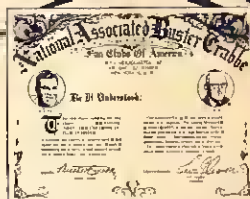
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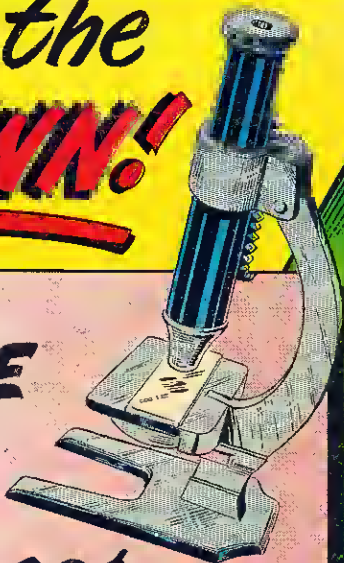


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